Colonel *SPLIT-TAIL*

A NEW

OPERA.

As it was Acted at *Verſailles*.

Tranſlated into *ENGLISH* by Monſieur De *DUX*.

——*Tutum me copia fecit.* Ovid. Met. L. VI.

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PROLOGUE.

Pardon Stupidity, the Author craves,
Apparent Fau'ts, Forgiveneſs from
the Brave.
A criticiſing Audience damns a Play,
Fortune aſſiſt they mayn't be here
to Day.
From Box to Pit, and Galleries all round,
Eccho with Claps, 'tis an harmonious Sound.
Kind Fortune grant a Smile from ev'ry Sect,
The Poet charm'd, the Actors do their beſt.
Sence ſtick them to the Wall is here preſented,
Virtue betrayed, the Colonel's blanketed.
Bawds, Cullies, and Whores, together have
combin'd,
To make Examples of all human Kind.
May Virtue reign, and Vice be ſtill ſubdu'd,
Pernicious Luxury, may it be withſtood.
Each Couple Raptures ſign with mutual Bliſs,
With foulded Arms enjoys each others Kiſs.
The World, when honeſt, Goodneſs will abound,
United Minds, I wiſh they may be found.
Each Perſon ſtrives for his Sovereign's Peace,
Contented Mind is a continual Feaſt.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Colonel SPLIT-TAIL.

Jack Playwell - - - } *Two Gameſters.*
Tom Hazard - - - - }

Billy Pleaſewell - - }
Tom Bully - - - - } *Three Bullies.*
Anthony Cleverfinger }

Gentlemen Procurers *to the Colonel.*

Innkeeper,
Highwayman,
Houſebreaker,
Blowing Doctor,
Conſtable,
Informer,

Mutes.

Harlequin,
Punch,
Scaramouch,
Satyrs *and* Death, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Bawd,
Two Whores,

Sally,
Innkeeper's Daughter

Colone

Colonel *SPLIT-TAIL.*

A NEW

OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE *a Coffee-House.*

Enter Bawd *and* Two Whores.

Bawd.

HE's ſo inſatiable in his Amours, a perfect Humouriſt in his Savage Diſpoſition, that the Seraglio of *Drury* are quite ſurfeited, and I am e'en tired with my Vocation.

1ſt Wh. Such a Man,

2d Wh. Ought to paſture in *Romney-Marſh*, for the better Eaſement of the fair Sex.

Enter

Enter Sally.

Sally. Ladies your Servant, I ſhall die with Laughter, to think how the Innkeeper has been out-witted.

Bawd. What's the diverting Object?

1ſt Wh. No doubt Coll. *Split-tail* is the Theme; —— Nay, out with it.

A SONG *by Sally.*

I.

AN Innkeeper bold, as I ſhall unfold,
Kept beautiful Damſels to wait;
A Colonel of late, 'twas his good Fate,
With one of thoſe Girls to be great.

II.

The Purchaſe was made, and ſhe was miſlaid,
Bliſs of Pleaſures with Nuptial Embraces.
My Dear I can't bear, ſuch a monſtrous Share,
Take your Money without more Entreaties.

III.

He trebl'd the Sum, which was nineteen and one,
Such Trifles he ne'er gave before,
The ſecond Attack made the Bed to crack,
I believe it for a Son of a Whore.

IV.

IV.

He ſwore, Damn his Blood, that he was then
robb'd
By his Landlord's vile Bitch of a Maid,
Of Britches and Money, and ſhe of her Honey,
Such Virtue was ne'er ſo betray'd.

V.

The Girl, out of Fear, to ſave Credit moſt dear,
Returned the Sum to one Farthing ;
The Innkeeper her Maſter, for Fear of a Diſaſter
Loſt twenty times that Sum by her Bargain,
ha ha ha ha

Bawd. A true Emblem of Villainy, the Coll. promiſed me 50 Pieces, which happen'd to be Copper Plate —— proved all Half-pence, for procuring beautiful *Sally*, declar'd it was Money enough as Times went.

Sally. I'll blanket the dear Soul.

Bawd. Every kind Girl has her Favourite Man ; their Aſſiſtance is requiſite.

Sally. The Scrub —— he's a perfect Antidote againſt Lechery ; — and for debauching of me I'll ——

1ſt Wh. Take his Money firſt.

2d. Whore.

2*d. Whore.* In my Opinion, Coach Hire and Whores-Hire ought to be paid beforehand, eſpecially by Bites and Gameſters of the Town.

Sally. Here comes my favourite *Billy* —— the Air of ſo agreeable a Soul I muſt adore.

Enter Billy Pleaſewell *and Sings,*

I'*VE rov'd and I've rang'd o'er the Town,*
But now my true Heart I've found,
The Pleaſure purſuing has turn'd my own Ruin,
Fair Sally *thou gave the Death Wound.*

Sally *Anſwers.*

SInce Cupid *has engag'd both our Hearts,*
A Silken Band, and ties us both faſt,
No Love ſhall be wanting that I'm poſſeſs'd in,
My dear Soul I'll die e'er I part.

[They embrace each other.

Bawd. Nauſious Love without Money, is like a beautiful Man without a prevailing Argument.

1*ſt. Whore.* Here comes my *Tom Bully*; he's a charming Fellow for Woman; Who can chuſe but love him.

2*d Whore.*

2*d Whore.* And my Beauty, *Anthony Cleverfinger.*

Enter Tom Bully *and* Anthony Cleverfinger *drunk.*

Tom B. Zouns the Coaſt is clear —— hey, Bitches, no Culls —— turn out.

1*ſt Whore.* Our Husbands have caught a Fox.

2*d Whore.* Our Fellows are as fond of Money as a Courtier of a Penſion.

A CATCH *by* Anthony Cleverfinger.

OF all the Cheats in the Town,
A Sharper, a Thief, or a Bum,
It's proper to mix a Whore in betwixt,
Your Money they ne'er will return.

Firſt Whore.

SInce Pelf is a Thing you adore,
Take it —— for a Son of a Whore;
In Proceſs of Time Jack Catch will confine,
And pay thee off all thy old Score.

Sally. Here comes the Hell-fire Colonel, with two more of his ſinking Culls with him: Since our Husbands are by, be ſure, Gentle-

men, when I cry out, come to my Assistance —— I'll toss him with a Pox to him; bring one of the largest Blakets to your Assistance, begon. [*Exeunt three Bullies.*

Bawd. Now Prostitutes, every Girl to her Post.

Enter Colonel, Jack Playwell, Tom Hazard.

Col. Ouns Man every one to his Bird; and for the Diversion of the whole Company, I'll give you a polite Catch, and a very Authentick one.

I'LL sing you a Song of late,
By my Sol Mon 'twas that Girle's Fate
To sacrifice her All for nothing at all,
For her Money of me she must wait, ha ha ha

Jack Pl. Colonel you are known amongst the Harlots.

Tom H. One of his own making —— best known to his most Noble Honour.

Bawd. Colonel consider an unfortunate Girl that once sacrificed all that was most dear to your Honour, is now become a Sacrifice — and an Object of Pity.

Col. The Bitch —— not a Grigg, by *Jupiter*, however, make a Guinea Bowl of Punch; clap

clap in a dozen Glaſſes of Jellies —— Mrs. *Flirt* may want *Roſin.*

Sally. Tortur'd ---- rack'd ! ---- I am impatient for Revenge [*Aſide.*

Playwell. A Captivated entangled by a Harlot —— admits of Room ;

Hazard. Eſpecially his own bringing up. My Friend, 'tis Time to be gone.

Playwell. Come, Girls, we'll away to the *Bagnio* —— Colonel, your Servant ; we'll meet you to Morrow, preciſely, at eleven, at *Sebaſtin*'s Gaming-Table.

[*Exeunt* Playwell, Hazard, *and two Whores.*

Bawd. On my Reputation, Colonel, this Cowl deſerves Five Pieces —— but not Braſs.

Col. Face, as you have been an Old Procurer in the Practice of Domeſticks, ſuitable to my vitious Inclinations, take the Money in ſolid Gold, begon for New Ware, for I am quite ſurfeited with two Amours with one Woman ; 'tis properly the Work of Porters ; we fine Gentlemen know better.

Bawd. As I'm a Woman of Honour, I muſt kneeds own, 'tis only bite the Biter. [*Aſide,*

Bawd *ſings.* [*Aſide.*

FIVE Guineas to one the Col'nel's undone;
Sally *the fair, with a politick Air,*
Blankets the Col'nel into a Deſpair.

Exit Bawd.

Sally cries out Murder! Murder!

Enter Bullies *with a Blanket*; Harlequin, Blowing Doctor, Punch, Death *with an Hour-Glaſs.*

Bullies. Thou Villain —— What Buſineſs have you with a Nobleman's Wife well known?

Sally. Becauſe I would not yield, he was going to kill me.

1ſt B. In with him.

2d B. Colonel your Money —— or you're a gone Man.

[*A Dance by* Harlequin, &c. *round the Col. Death looking on.*

Col. Take Money and Britches, all all all.

[*Strips off his Britches, then they toſs him in the Blanket.*

Sally. I'll accept of it as Part of Payment, dear Colonel; a corporal Puniſhment to you is very requiſite, 'tis only for the Good of your Underſtanding —— March you Bitch.

[*Death*

[*Death deſcends, the Colonel aſcends in a Chair three Yards in Heighth, without his Britches, by Harlequin's Magick Art.*

Enter Satyrs, they dance, one with an Hour-Glaſs in one Hand, with this Inſcription,

Time's almoſt ſpent.

With a Dart in the other, with this Inſcription,

This Dart ſhall pierce Thee to the Heart.

[*Exeunt Satyrs.*

Blow. D. Since thoſe Outlandiſh, Black Monſters are gone down with the Colonel, O poor Soul! How diſmal he looks! ---Whoring is a crying Evil, it ſends Mankind certainly to the Devil, eſpecially when Maids are often civil. Seignior *Harlequino, &c.* aſſiſt me in my Opperation, and with this Machine Bellows I'll blow out all his Iniquity.

They aſſiſt him, and he blows.

By Gad he's lighter by a hundred Weight: away with him, away with him, the Col. is not uſed to walk; take up the Body, March. [*Exeunt Omnes* in Ttriumph.

END *of* ACT. I.

ACT II.

SCENE *the Masquerade Table standing; Gamesters on one Side.*

Enter Bawd, Sally, Innkeeper's Daughter, *Two* Whores, Colonel, Gentleman Procurer, Innkeeper, Highwayman, Housebreaker.

Bawd Sings.

THIS Humour's a politick Invention,
Where Whores and Rogues meet for Diversion,
Then Girls of Debonere, be not in Despair,
We'll settle the Sins of the Nation.

The Colonel slips a Billetdeux *in* Sally's *Hands, imagining her to be a Woman of Quality.*

Sally

Sally Reads.

AT once my Eyes beheld your lovely Charms,
Unguarded Paſſions yielded to my Arms;
Tranſported Pleaſure, intermix'd with Pain,
Languiſhing, dying, ye Gods! 'tis very plain:
Conquer'd, ſurrender'd Captive to your Power,
Pity me not, 'egad I'll die this Hour.
[Goes to ſtab himſelf.

Sally. Hold! ('tis the Colonel, how gouty he's grown. *Aſide.*) a thouſand Gold Finches; then truſt to a Woman of Honour; a mere Trifle in a Gentleman's Pocket.

Col. Take them all.

Sally. What Britches and all, ha ha. [*Aſide.* Well then, ſince you're a Man of Honour, meet me at the *Crown* in an Hour. —— and then I'm a Devil: Poor Soul, this is worſe than toſſing in a Blanket. [*Aſide.*

Col. Thou Angel, I'll not fail, your Servant. I'll to the Hazard Table.

Sally Sings.

OF all the Debauchees in the Town,
Such Creatures as theſe will be known.

Bawd.

Bawd. Your Money, my Dear, you know I am Old Care.

Sally. Take it all all. [*Exit* Sally.

Gent. P. That muſt be the Innkeeper's Daughter, by the *Briſtol* Stone on the Hook —— the Gallows muſt be my Portion without procuring a freſh Bit for the Colonel —— Impudence protect me by this Diſguiſe; Who knows but I'm a Man of the Firſt Rank? [*Aſide.* —— Thou Charmer, I'm inſpired beyond Though I want Words to expreſs my Love! thou Charmer, I do adore you!

Bawd. Does your Honour ſpeak to me?

Gent. P. Love, that conquering Paſſion, has captivated my very Soul; thou Angel of a Woman, pity a wounded Heart! I ſhall expire without a favourable Acceptance.

Bawd. Not for the World; but can you love a Perſon you never ſaw before, even in Diſguiſe.

Gent. Pr. 'Tis the Faſhion at thoſe Places, thou Charmer of my Soul.

Bawd. Perſons of my Rank may as well be out of the World, as not to follow the Quality End of the Town.

Gent. P. As a Proof of my tender Love, accept of this Diamond Ring, and trifling Preſent of 100 Guineas; then, O ye Gods!

[*She takes the Preſent.*

Bawd.

Bawd. Your Will be done.—— 'Tis Time for me to be gone. *Exit Laughing. Aſide.*

Gent. P. I'll change my Habits with my Maſter; Madam won't know the Difference: Get 500 *l.* for procuring a Maid; then run away with an *Engliſh* Fortune; I think I am a clever Fellow. *Aſide.* —— Madam, I will wait on you in a Minute; (*turns and ſtarts*) Oh Ruin'd, Plunder'd, Robb'd! ah, what bit in my Old Age!

SONG.

SUCH Raptures of Eliſs ne'er before,
Caught a Fox, a Bawd, and a Whore;
The Pleaſures of Wooing turns often one's Ruin,
Such Bites I ne'er ſaw before.

Egad I'll rally once more; Courage is a ſufficient Armour for a Soldier.

Speaks to the Innkeeper's Daughter.

Thou Jewel, I've loſt my Diamond, but now I have found her. My Dear lend me 50 Pieces, I'll try my Fortune at the Gaming-Table: As I am a Man of Honour, I'll return the Obligation.

She gives him a Roll of 50 Counters.

Innk. D. How can I deny ſo clever a Fellow? Here, take them and try thy Fortune.

Gent. P. My Angel, you have ſaved me from eternal Ruination; Adieu, my Charmer, for a Moment. Come, Gentlemen, Seven the Main for 50 Pieces.

High. and *Houſeb.* Having no leſs Sum than a Bill of 5000 *l.* we'll anſwer it on Honour.

Houſeb. Duce Ace, fairly loſt.

Highw. Let us divide the Spoil.

Houſeb. With all my Heart.

Innk. Out of nothing remains nothing out of 2000 *l.* of my Looſings Colonel *Split-tail* has bit me of every Grigg; doubt not I ſhall find him the ſame Man; as for you two Gentlemen, you may divide your fifty Counters, and tell me the intrinſick Value of each Man's Share?

Highw. and *Houſeb.* Thou villainous Rogue! Do you come here to bite Gentlemen? Give us Counters for ſolid Gold?

Enter Conſtable and Informer.

Conſt. Pray don't diſpute about your Honeſty; here's a Search Warrant for robbing the Mail of a Note of 5000 *l.* unmaſk Villains.

Inf. We have them as round as a Jugler's Box; thoſe are the Men (the Innkeeper, the Colonel

Colonel, and Gentleman Procurer excluded) however, ſince there is an Act of Parliament againſt Gaming, away with them. *Exeunt.*

A SONG *by the Innkeeper's Daughter.*

I.

THE Maſquerade's a pleaſant Place,
Where Rogues together combine, Sir,
In Domeſtick Arts, and Deeds of the Dark,
They're Abomination to all Mankind, Sir.

II.

There's Sally *the fair, the Bawd in her Care,*
Often roars on bad Times like Thunder,
Becauſe her Bullies of late, 'tis their hard Fate,
Not getting the fair Girl no more Plunder.

III.

I'll be hang'd for the ſame, if they arn't all to blame,
If it don't turn to the Great Colonel's Shame,
Then a Warning to all true Lovers of the ſame,
Since Redcoats they are in Faſhion.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter the Blowing Doctor, Harlequin, Punch, Scaramouch, *haling the Colonel in.*

Blow. D. The black Beauty has certainly forgot himſelf; if Seignior Harliquino, *&c.* had not ſtood your Friend, Colonel, the Family of ſad Dogs in *Newgate* wou'd have tore you to Pieces like wild Horſes: As for your Comrades they are gone to *Exchequer-Court*; peradventure, in Time, you may meet them in the Nocturnal Regions.

Col. Forgive me this Time, and I'll I'll I'll

Blow. D. One Blaſt, then to Confeſſion.

They all aſſiſt to blow the Colonel.

Col. Imprimis, *For Sins committed* - - Dr.

To a Girl's Virtue at an Inn - Bilk'd them.

To a Juſtice of the Peace's Daughter - Dr.

To a Lawyer's Daughter in my Chariot - Dr.

Ditto - Ditto - Ditto - Ditto - Ditto - Ditto

Eaſt - Weſt - North - and South, ſpar'd None.

Now

Now for *Hazard.*

To Nicodemus *the Banker, a Warm Sum.*

Ditto the Innkeeper; that's a mere Milk Score, 2000 *l.*

Do. Heirs juſt come to their Eſtates 100000 *l.*

Ditto - Ditto - Ditto, &c. o' my Conſcience!

Blow. D. Hazard with a Pox to it——in the Memory of Man it will never be blotted out.

——Fate will purſue,
Eternity ſhocks your Soul, youll' bid the World adieu.

Death aſcends with a Dart in one Hand, and an Hour-Glaſs in the other, juſt out, with this Inſcription,

In a Minute you'll take a Leap in the Dark.

The Satyrs aſcends; they all dance, interwoven with the Colonel; the Hour-Glaſs being out, Death gives the fatal Stroke. The Satyrs and Colonel deſcends, with Thunder and Lightning.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Fortunes 's a Gift deceives the moſt ſublime,
Tortures the Mind if not vanquiſh'd in Time,
This diſmal Spectacle has been in View,
A perfect Counterfeit and Sinner too,
What Shepperd *did refuſe he then did do.*
Storm Forts, paum Dies, was artful baſtinado'd,
Witneſs the Cinder Maid he was afraid of.
Dom the Mon, quoth he, I made a good Night,
My Virgin was ---- my Friend will not fight,
Get all the Money, I wiſh you good Night.
For why ſhould we make two Wants of one,
At the worſt of Times we are but undone.

FIN